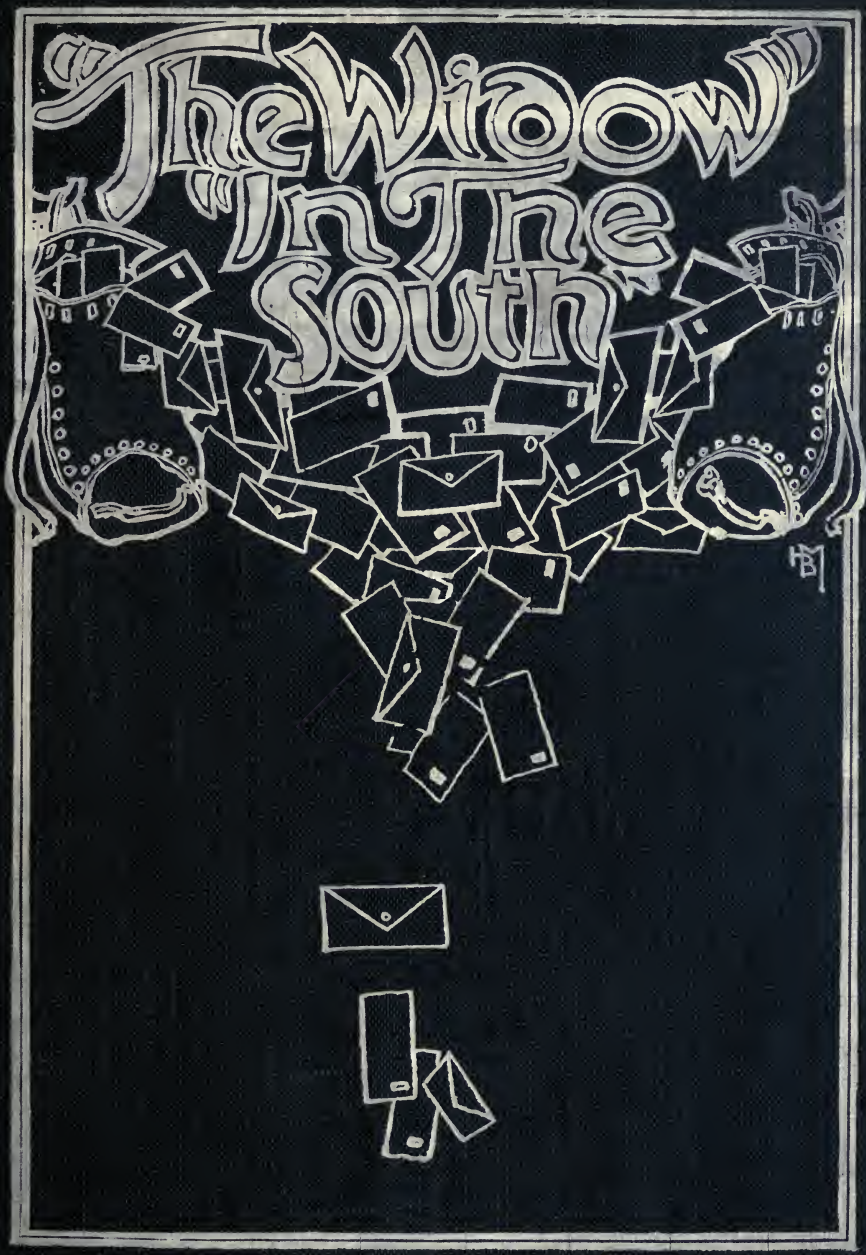
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"The Widow" In The South

A Series of Letters

BY

TERESA DEAN

"THE WIDOW," of *Town Topics* Editorial Staff

AUTHOR OF

"REVERIES OF A WIDOW,"
"WHITE CITY CHIPS," ETC.

1903
The Smart Set Publishing Co.
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	9
I.	IS THERE NO MURDER EXCEPT WHEN THE VICTIM IS ASLEEP?	11
II.	SHE SHOWS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS	18
III.	ALL THE SOUTH WANTS IS TO BE LET ALONE	33
IV.	THE NEGRO A STUMBLING BLOCK AND GONZALES A MARTYR	52
V.	SHE BEGINS WITH CHILD LABOR AND TACKLES BLIND TIGERS	69
VI.	SHE SUGGESTS SENDING COLORED TROOPS TO THE PHILIPPINES	81
VII.	THEORETICALLY IT IS WRONG, PRACTICALLY IT HAS ADVANTAGES	99
VIII.	IT MUST BE LET ALONE TO WORK OUT ITS SALVATION	111
IX.	SHE DEPRECATES ALL DISCUSSION OF THE RACE PROBLEM	123

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Preface

On account of the widespread agitation following the appointment of Dr. Crum as Collector of the Port of Charleston, I, early this year, made an extended trip through the South, at the request of my Editor-in-Chief. In sending me to look up so delicate a matter as the race problem from the Southern standpoint, my only instruction was to write entirely without personal prejudice the real sentiment of the Southern people—if I could get at it. I was enabled, through being hospitably entertained by representative old families, to make deductions as to the true situation, founded on indubitable and convincing facts. That the crossed wires of politics alone stand responsible for the questions which bring the negro into a prominence where he must necessarily show fail-

ure, sad though it be, is nevertheless the case. Thus forced to leap over the space of his own unfitness, his progress is backward rather than forward. But for this he might now, after forty years of freedom, be showing a solid foundation for his true position—a result which could easily have been attained had he been left to the kindness and guidance of those who understood best his capabilities and slow mental growth.

TERESA DEAN.

NEW YORK CITY, *July, 1903.*

The Widow in the South.

I

"IS THERE NO MURDER EXCEPT WHEN THE VICTIM IS ASLEEP?"

CHARLESTON, S.C., January 20.

SOME day, when I have time and a map, I am going to study out how it is that I have come South. Numberless times en route I have found myself going backward when I was trying religiously to ride forward. Never have I gone to sleep or neglected to look out of the window for two hours without discovering myself going in the opposite direction. It began at Philadelphia and continued all the way. It was as bad as the Pei Ho River. However, I arrived only two hours late, which was most remarkable time,

the zigzag course considered. The route was over a new branch of the railroad, where sleeping coaches and dining-cars are curiosities to the townspeople, and through a country where there are miles and miles of stagnant water and waste-wood. With one-half of the wood there cut and decaying, New York would not be suffering from lack of fuel.

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The first news that greeted me as I stepped from the train was the death of Editor Gonzales, the victim of Lieutenant-Governor Tillman. If I were talking to a South Carolinian, instead of writing to the North, I should be cautious about using the word "victim." For already it is easy for me to understand that I might be running up against local prejudice. What would be considered a victim of the death bullet in the North might be only just retribution in the South. Very little is said about the

shooting, and there seems no excitement in Charleston. Sympathy is extended on every side, and there is sadness in some faces, but there is no expressed bitterness against the man who sought revenge for political injury. This makes one feel as if it was rather a dangerous atmosphere in which to have opinions of your own. Still, as opinions derogatory to character must be backed by keeping your hand in your pocket—in which a revolver is supposed to be concealed—before the fatal bullet is fired at you, *The Widow* may return safely.

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Notwithstanding native prejudices and a perceptible caution against "trying the case in the newspapers," the *News and Courier* in this morning's issue publishes several strong editorials. In one, headed, "The Dead and the Living," the writer concludes his comparisons by reference to South Carolina social conditions, saying: "In a better

condition of society we should be able to predict with certainty what the result of the trial of such a case would be, and we are almost equally sure what the outcome of the trial of Mr. Tillman will be in the conditions existing in this State. But we must not go into a discussion of the case. It will not be tried by the newspapers, but by the ordinary methods of the law. If these methods prove to be insufficient for the protection of society, so much the worse for society. There have been so many miscarriages of justice, so many farcical proceedings in court, so much waste of dignity and legal learning, so many violent men who have escaped any sort of punishment, that we do not look with much confidence to the orderly procedure of the courts in a certain class of cases which are treated as above the law. It would be for the highest good of the State if, on account of the deep damnation of his taking off, the death of Mr. Gonzales should

mark the beginning of a new era in the enforcement of the law against murder in South Carolina."

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Another writer asks: "What is the limit which a white man must pass in committing a homicide in South Carolina before he endangers his own life and liberty under the law? We wish to keep the issue perfectly clear, and present it, therefore, as sharply as we can. The people generally of the State have waited and watched for many years for a case of homicide in which white men should be concerned, and in which the plea of self-defense should be found unavailable. The question suggested anew by the Columbia killing is simply whether a man is certainly safe from the penalties of the law who, having had a quarrel with another, meets him with his hand in his pocket and kills him on that ground. This is not an exaggerated statement of the issue. More

than one manslayer, we believe, has been acquitted by juries in the State on this plea. It is the plea that has been put forward already in the Columbia case. Its acceptance as always valid and sufficient is, of course, a serious matter. If one man may kill another with assured impunity on such ground, every man's life is in the hands of his hostile or unfriendly neighbor. The slayer will have only to plead that his victim had his hand in his pocket, or that the slayer was under that impression, and feared, therefore, for his own life, and that plea will acquit him and set him free. Have we really reached this condition of things in South Carolina? The question, as we have said, concerns every man in the State and every home in the State very deeply. In many of the other States of the nation, and in most of the civilized States of the world, a homicide committed on such a pretext would be punished as murder without fail. Is it a wholly

safe crime in South Carolina? And, if so, what is required to make homicide a certainly unsafe crime for a white man in this State? Is there no ' murder ' short of killing a man in his sleep? "

II

SHE SHOWS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS.

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 27.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT appears to be establishing two flags again in this united country—one for the North and another for the South. Bitter, indeed, is the feeling here in Charleston over the nomination of a colored man as Collector of the Port. It is regarded as a personal indignity put upon the white people. It may be good heart, broad mind, philanthropy, a desire to advance and encourage the colored race on the part of the President, but it is a matter that should be judged entirely from the standpoint of the South. In this atmosphere every fair-minded thinker will ask why

should the President—the one President for both North and South—so forget the prejudices and traditions of the South? Or even, not forgetting, why should he expect so much more of the South than of the North? Is it necessary for the advancement of one race to place indignities upon the other? Would it not be considered an injury and indignity in the North to appoint a colored man to an office under which the most intelligent white people must serve?

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Neither President Roosevelt nor a hundred thousand United States officials can remove Southern traditions or America's social line between whites and blacks. They can, however, provoke tragedies. It will mean innumerable tragedies to place in official positions colored people to dictate and direct, in many instances, sons of proud old Southern families whose wealth disappeared in the march of war and in the emancipation

of the negro—men who are but just now beginning to see again prosperity for the South. These appointments may "encourage" the black race, but they discourage the white. Which of the two is to be considered the backbone of the South? Never yet has the most enthusiastic Northern "negro lover" been heard to say that the colored race could get on without the white race as backbone. The only ambition of the best educated negro is to have his ability recognized by the whites. His love for his own people—his interest in their advancement, generally speaking—has never yet reached the point where he makes the sacrifice of living among his less favored brethren and doing personal work in trying to uplift them. On the contrary, the greatest "aristocrats" and the most exclusive people—from their standpoint—in our country are the negroes with a little education and a little white blood. They hold themselves

most rigidly aloof from "common niggers," as they call them. This trait is as noticeable in the North as in the South.

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Here in Charleston, as I heard a lady remark, had the President taken a big spoon and stirred up the town, he could not have mixed things more. The whites feel the indignity, the unkindness; the blacks feel the—their—importance. Prominent representative men and women say: "We cannot understand it! We did everything we could to entertain the President when he was here. We showed him every hospitality, and he seemed to appreciate it. Now he has done this!" The colored people, the most sedate and dignified house-servants—servants who have been in close and responsible positions to families—are entirely changed in their demeanor, and in overheard snatches of conversation say: "Why not? De colored people am jus' good as de white people."

It can be readily understood, under these circumstances, that routine life in staid old Charleston is a good deal at sixes and sevens.

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Yet there are no other people in existence who give affection to the colored folk as do these Southerners—no greater affection goes out of the heart of the negro than that which he gives "marse and missy." Many of the cemeteries show the burial of the family servants alongside of the family. Yesterday I attended a tea, where I met some of the most representative Charleston ladies. One of them came in with a sad face. She had been at a hospital for two hours, reading and talking to someone who was very ill. She spoke freely, but with much feeling, of how someone had kissed her hand at parting, how sorry she was that in her absence this someone had been sent away, and how she regretted that she must leave town again. My curiosity was aroused.

It did not seem that it was exactly a close friend of whom she was talking, yet it was certainly someone dear to her. Imagine my surprise when she turned to me and explained that an old family servant—a negro—was lying critically ill! And so it is generally. These family servants refused to desert their masters after the war, and would take no pay for their services. As families scattered and servants were left to their own resources some of them prospered better than their masters. I heard a gentleman say that not long ago he ran across one of the old stock in Washington. It had been seventeen years since he had seen her. She was one of the "aristocratic" colored—moderately well off. He went to her house. He was still "Marse Willie" to her, and she would not sit down in his presence, but paid him the same deference as in the old days.

This understanding between the white and

black is, of course, entirely a matter of the training of the family servant. The field negro is another being. He is a savage quite as much as is the American Indian or the member of a Philippine tribe. If the advancement of the race is really a Presidential ambition, civilization should first be considered. If the negroes, who are already advanced to the point of recognition from the President, are not interested in their own people enough to try to better their condition, then something should be done by the Government. All through Virginia, South Carolina and the South generally are negroes who recognize neither government nor law. Only twelve or fifteen miles from Charleston these black savages are living. They recognize no authority nor power but the bullet or bonfire. Murders among themselves are so usual and so expected that though sometimes they are reported, they are oftener not. No white woman is safe who lives near. They

are beings so much lower than Indians in their savagery that there is no comparison. They have an unintelligible language called "gullah"—a mixture of the African and English. They kill, murder and practice voodooism, and yet have had over thirty years in which to become respectable American citizens. As field-hands under white overseers their savage instincts were not allowed to develop. To-day the only way they can be controlled by the authorities is through the methods that are so often criticised by those who do not understand conditions. Surely, the advancement and encouragement of the negro in the South mean something more than appointing to political position one or more who have advanced beyond primeval ignorance. Under these conditions such appointments mean dire disaster and encouragement to crime.

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The offices are positions of honor and re-

sponsibility, and are sought by white men. Should the colored man be considered first? Would he be chosen from a standpoint of justice or ability, independent of this distressing political and philanthropic idea? And is it just or philanthropic to slap a white man in the face to carry a point? The world over, the white man has the right of way. When it is not conceded, he fights for it. Charleston has many men much better fitted by education and courtesy for the position of Collector of the Port than this colored man. It has been the custom on the arrival of distinguished travelers for the Mayor of Charleston to accept the hospitality of the launch used by this Government officer to go out to meet them. It would be impossible and against every inborn instinct of the Southern nature to accept this social courtesy from a colored man. We would not do it in the North.

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There is no argument that can ever do away with the racial prejudice. These quiet Southern men and women understand better than anyone else the characteristics of the colored people. They tell you in detail how the educated negroes—educated only because they have risen above others of the race—claim that they do not aspire to social equality, yet prove continually it is their only ambition. The negro knows and admits that social equality anywhere in the United States is utterly impossible. He makes the disclaimer, however, a telling point in his claim to recognition from other standpoints, winning friends by this intelligent manifestation of common sense in recognizing his own inequality. Yet, when was a negro ever known to refuse social recognition? If this man of color, this Dr. Crum, whom the President has nominated for an office which involves many courtesies that tread upon social lines, be honest in his as-

sertion that he does not aspire to social recognition, he would decline the office instead of fighting for it. He knows full well, with this feeling so rampant here in the South, that to decline the office on the ground that he would be placed in power over some of the best white blood in the South—that this would cause dissension and bitterness, and that he would be harming his own people instead of advancing them—would mean for him, personally, in all probability, more than any President of the United States can offer him. But no. It is social recognition these colored people want. They want it from the great and mighty white. It is their only ambition. These people say, "Look at Booker T. Washington. He asserts intelligently and with dignified humility that he does not claim social equality." If this be true, the Southern people ask, why, then, did he not place himself on record with white people, and as an example to the colored

people, by refusing to lunch with the President of the United States? No. He preferred to have the whole South feel that it had been insulted, and to have the President himself placed in an equivocal position. It did not occur to him to refuse social recognition. Yet a well-born white man, under circumstances much less serious, and affecting only persons instead of the whole country, would not have hesitated to say: "Mr. President, I thank you, but I cannot accept your kind invitation."

As I said in the beginning, we cannot change nor do away with the traditions of the South. A drop of colored blood makes a negro. It makes a negro in the North as well as the South. It may be right; it may be wrong; it may, many times, be heartrending; but the social taint is there. It is this the colored man feels; but not grandly and nobly and with ambitions to help his own people to independent conditions of their own. As

his color grows lighter through intermarriage his hatred of his blacker brother becomes intense. The most "exclusive" society in Charleston, the most rigid in their ideas of exclusiveness, are these bleached negroes. They will have nothing to do with the "niggers" save as servants. They ape the white people, but, unlike the whites, they hate the blacks. They have no sympathy for the race, and are absolutely cruel, at times, in their treatment of it. They recognize no heart, no soul, no humanity under the black skin. They feel that it is the colored skin that is keeping them where they are, though now they have some education and money. Their only opportunity to show their distinction is to hold themselves above those of darker skin.

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To Dr. Crum personally no one objects. He is respected as a man of color and of mediocre education. He is not, by any

means, the best man for the place, even though color were not an objection. In fact, a white man of no greater ability would not be considered for a moment. These things make the action of the President seem all the more an indignity to the Charlestonians. They really and honestly cannot understand why President Roosevelt should do such a thing. They feel, also, that he never would have done so could he have viewed the situation from the Southern standpoint, or had he realized how much harm it will do, how much of a setback it will give the much discussed colored question. They speak frequently of the President when he was here, going out of his way to shake hands with a line of colored servants that was drawn up at the back of a house where he had been entertained. They ask, would a guest of a Northern house be doing the correct thing to shake hands with the servants in departing?

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President Roosevelt, in his good-heartedness, broad-mindedness, or philanthropy, or campaign play, or whatever it is, has certainly pulled down a hornet's nest. Some good friend should talk white people to him, instead of colored people. White people can bolt and never forgive. Colored people will follow on anyway, and are much better at doing what they are told to do.

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Tragedies should be averted, not invited.

III

ALL THE SOUTH WANTS IS TO BE LET ALONE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 2.

ONE thing must be admitted: the people of the North do not understand the people of the South. Northerners suppose that to return the Confederate flags, to raise monuments on victorious battlefields to Southern generals or to erect statues of them in Washington conciliates, inasmuch as it shows to the Southerners a Northern willingness to forget past differences. This is a mistake. To the Southerner it means never letting them forget—never letting them alone. They do not want to be reminded. Furthermore, they do not care a fillip for this kind of forgiveness on the part of the North. All they ask is to be let alone.

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"We were thoroughly thrashed—thoroughly conquered—awfully, awfully punished; we want to be good American citizens; we would not go back to slavery if we could; we did not bring slavery into the States; but we do want to be let alone. We want to work out our own salvation," said a representative, successful, prominent man of the South to me the other day. "We will not submit to negro rule, and if negroes are placed in power then the white people will get away."

He talked honestly, earnestly, without prejudice, without personal or political ambitions. His words were but the echo of the sentiments of all true Southerners, though many are more controlled by prejudice and the old feeling of a disunited country.

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Covering battlefields of the—I was going

to say Rebellion, but writing from this hospitable atmosphere I must not say Rebellion—covering battlefields of the Civil War with monuments to General Robert E. Lee, or erecting statues of him in Washington—even by the side of George Washington himself—by the Northern people, would not appease, please or conciliate the Southerners in the way the Northerners imagine. It would be, to a majority, only another way of cramming the old victory down Southern throats again and refusing to allow them to forget, and by them it would be regarded as impertinent, vulgar and patronizing condescension on our part.

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I am not saying this in criticism. Far from it. I think the Southerners—every side considered—are quite right. We may have "thrashed" them and "conquered" them; they may fully recognize our victory, but we never took from them their spirit

nor their pride. They recognize our fighting strength, but they do not recognize our right to offer and force conspicuous olive branches before the Southerners want them and are ready to receive them. They are, without question, over-sensitive, but they are natural, and, at worst or best, only human. They are altogether too refined to put it to us bluntly, as I have done; but when one is received among them and listens to their side of the South's condition; to their calm admissions of our victory in the old struggle; to their resignation to the dire poverty that fell to them in the aftermath; to their confidences—if they will go that far—about present situations and their own wishes, it is an easy matter to make clear deductions. Possibly I am assisted greatly by my own knowledge of Northern sentiment. Having won the victory and administered the punishment, we now graciously offer and allow monuments and things for conciliation,

and I think I must be honest and confess that I, too, look upon it as rather patronizing on our part. The monuments are more to our own generosity than to brotherly love, aren't they? Anyway, I am sure that we, too, are only human; and if we had not been the victors, I don't suppose we should be willing to set up monuments to Southern generals any more than the Southerners are doing it for the North. We should be feeling as they do, and we should not take our medicine so quietly. We would clinch our fists, give black eyes, and, in the words of Barry Bulkley, of Washington, when someone suggested his going to war and being a hero, and he thought it would be just his luck to be assigned to "Jimmie" Blaine's command, we would "knock the stuffing out of him" who dared to speak to us on such a vital subject. We may not shoot so easily as they do in the South, but surely we strike out from the shoulder

more, and on less provocation. So, too, can we understand how we should dislike to be continually reminded that we were the under dogs in a fight. Every time the North tries to show that the old feeling has passed away, and that we are now one nation, it serves as a reminder, and an added sensation of resentment is caused. This is a perfectly natural emotion, controlled neither by politics nor nation. It is just human nature that cries out: "Can't you let us alone? Haven't we had enough?"

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As for the leaving alone, surely the South understands its own better than we do. The conditions between the races through politics have grown much worse instead of better since the Civil War. The men of the Southern families went to the front to fight for principle, leaving their women and children in the care of the colored people,

with never a thought that the confidence would be betrayed. Neither was it. Such a thing would be impossible to-day. Freedom has taught the negro more the meaning of license than of liberty. He is not able to distinguish between the two, and a law-abiding citizen with responsibilities is entirely beyond his uneducated intelligence. He, in his primitiveness, has no particular ambition. He is not even anxious to make money. All he cares for is enough to live on. If he has any money at all beyond present needs, he prefers not to work. He never thinks of saving and laying aside for a "rainy day." Someone else must think of that.

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Major Trimble, a Northerner, of the Volunteer Service, who is interested in the production of American tea and has a plantation at Summerville, a few miles out of Charleston, and who employs about 200 negroes, tells me that the only way to get steady work out of

the blacks is to pay them just enough to live on. Fifty cents a day keeps them going. If he wants extra work, and gives them extra pay, he makes a mistake. This he has learned by experience. He does not get any more work done, but with the extra pay the negro lays off and idles until it is gone. He is obliged to have white men for overseers to get any work at all out of the blacks. His greatest difficulty is in getting competent white men for the positions.

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The field negroes of the South are without any sense of morality, and are cruel to each other, without any of the finer sensibilities to make them the human beings the Northern politician is trying to "encourage." In sickness they attend each other up to the time death is certain, then they leave the sufferer to die. He can beg piteously for water or other relief, but no one cares. He dies alone. The funeral, however, is a great

feast and gala day. The colored picnic as we know it in the North is a sad affair compared to the revel of the field negro's funeral.

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For commercial and financial considerations no Southerner would go back to slavery. It is much cheaper in every way to hire labor than to own slaves. To own even 200 laborers would mean an investment of a large capital in the beginning. In addition there would be clothing and provisions, and loss through sickness and death. In hiring colored labor at fifty cents a day there is no responsibility aside from getting the work out of the laborer. In most instances, if the man of color can get his fifty cents without working for it, he will not work. There are about 55,000 inhabitants of Charleston, 29,000 of whom are colored. It would be sad indeed to have colored men in power or colored rule in any quarter of the

town. The streets seem full of idle negroes. They are peaceful and quiet and appear to be well fed, but absolutely without ambition, other than to stand around, sit on doorsteps and gaze into vacancy. They are poorly dressed, but it must be impossible—judging from filled out cheeks—for anyone to starve here in the South. I have never seen any of them begging. If you ask how they live, no one seems to know. Yet they are all very much alive. The better class of negroes, the family servants, are just as improvident as the field negroes. They never save any money and seem to have no ideas of thrift. They live on, carelessly, happily, and never give the least thought to the morrow. Their trust seems to be entirely in the white man at the helm. To take the white man away would leave them stranded and helpless. Yet the appointment of colored men to Federal offices in the South means the driving away of the best and most

substantial of the white population. Several times I have heard men say, "We will leave the country and live in Europe." Every white person in Charleston hopes that President Roosevelt will reconsider the nomination he has made for Collector of the Port. Failing to do this will mean that more appointments of the same nature will have to be made to satisfy the colored man's demand. If these appointments must be made for the sake of political honor—I suppose there is such a thing as political honor—it would be better to find the offices for the colored man somewhere up North. Then let the North fight it out.

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I agree with these Southerners. They should be let alone. They don't care for monuments or statues that may be gentle reminders, but reminders just the same, and they do understand the negroes. They get on with them quietly and successfully if out-

side influences do not come in. They can work out the problems of the South through intelligent knowledge, while the Northerner in his zest and zeal and blundering will keep the pot boiling and everything stirred up. The Southern gentlemen are good sports. But don't think I mean the Tillmans—Senator and Lieutenant-Governor; they belong to a different class. The good sport in a fight recognizes the victor. The loser holds out his hand in friendship when the fight is ended. He respects the power of the winner. Then he wants to forget and he wants others to forget. It would be in better taste if the North—what was that schoolboy game? Shinny?—shinnied on its own side.

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Charleston is probably the most conservative of all Southern cities, and clings most to the old traditions. It is not at all bitter in its resentment of conditions forced by the Civil War. Or if it be bitter, its people are

too well bred to indicate it. Nevertheless, they glory in being of the old South. They have a worship of ancestry equal almost to the inhabitants of North China. A grandfather is of much more importance here than the millions of a Vanderbilt. It makes no difference that they are now poor; it makes no difference that old customs have changed; that a new generation has not the same reverence for forefathers, and in its eagerness to do something itself forgets to rattle ancestral bones; it makes no difference that the square corners of the modern era cannot fit the round circles of the old; it makes no difference that Charleston may stand entirely alone, with the world rushing on and leaving her behind. She is perfectly satisfied. She is distressed only when something forces her —even for an instant—out of the groove that was established in the last century. Church, society, houses, homes, driveways and streets that were known to their fore-

fathers are good enough for the old Charlestonians of to-day. And the stately, distinguished Charlestonians of the old school are the kings and queens and rulers of Charleston society. No flippant, disrespecting new generation has any power or influence socially. This respect for silver-haired age has its counterpart only among the Knickerbockers of the North, and is gradually being lost sight of through deaths or the infirmities of age. In the North—New York as the representative city—the mantle does not seem to fall on the shoulders of the next generation as it does here. New York is too cosmopolitan. "Old Schools" get lost in new amusements. The stately dame must step aside for the daughter who rushes by in her automobile. How can any automobile generation be stately?

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Charleston society does not go by in automobiles. It belongs to the St. Cecilia. The

St. Cecilia is the oldest dancing club in America. It began as a musical club, and was established in 1761. It is a wealthy society, but wealth does not open its doors to you. You must have grandfathers. Three balls are given during the season. Though the club is over 140 years old, its doings have never been mentioned in the newspapers. I believe there is a legend that some rash individual attempted to describe costumes, mention names and speak pleasantly of famous beauties, at one time, but the matter is spoken of with such bated breath, and with such horror at the sacrilege, that it has been impossible for me to get the particulars. The old-time courtesies of the ballroom are strictly observed—the old-time courtesies when our fathers and mothers danced by step, and when the polka and the quadrille were the favorite numbers. Though the dances have become modern in the march of years the etiquette of the ballroom

is unchanged. There is no going out between dances, no sitting out dances on balconies or in conservatories, no little sneaks for a minute's private talk on near-by stairs, nothing careless, nothing without the sanction of the most conscientious chaperon. All around the room, against the wall, is a row of chairs. The dancing begins promptly at nine o'clock. Cards are filled beforehand, usually, and under no consideration would a Charleston girl divide a dance. It would be considered most improper by her chaperon and just cause for a duel by the man who had his name down for the number. The chaperon usually takes charge of the dancing card and deals out the girl to the different claimants. The girl takes the dance with the claimant and also the promenade after the dance, around and around the room. He then takes her religiously back to her chaperon, where her next partner is sure to find her. And I must say this is a great

improvement over the Northern method, and no end of a convenience.

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The pretty girls ejaculate they have "nothing to wear," but dainty muslins make ballroom belles here as much as lace and chiffon do at home. An elaborate supper is served and champagne flows freely. "Yet, strange as it may seem," I heard a man say, "I have never seen a St. Cecilian exhilarated by wine. They drink at will, but everybody is so well poised, so constantly living up to old traditions of respectability, that even wine does not affect them."

This club never admits outsiders to its sacred portals, and visitors in the town are not invited unless by special request of some member or for some personal distinction. To become a member? Well, to be a descendant of King George, or William the Conqueror, or to have in you a few drops of Argyle blood might admit you, but it is

better to have a Charlestonian grandfather. Then there will be no doubts and no questions asked.

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There is a younger element in Charleston that entertains delightfully, and is not quite so devoted to ancestral worship, yet is, too, of the old stock. Its homes are elegant and its servants—colored, of course—in numbers and in training the envy of every Northern visitor. A country club about three miles out of the city is a daily recreation. Altogether the quiet, peaceful, moderate pace of Charleston life is certainly ideal. On the Battery, where the handsomest homes are, is a promenade looking off to the different islands and military forts, and nowhere else on the coast is the view so fine. A new hotel is talked of for one end of the Battery, but the conservatism of the Charlestonians keeps the idea in embryo. The older element see too many intruders. An attractive

hotel in such an ideal spot would certainly bring people to Charleston who would never understand all that is so sacred to these inhabitants, and would, without doubt, destroy much of Charleston's charm. For it is a charm in this selfish, ambitious, rushing life to find a spot so unspoiled by worldliness.

IV

THE NEGRO A STUMBLING BLOCK AND GONZALES A MARTYR.

COLUMBIA, S.C., February 10.

CONDITIONS are all wrong in the South either for carrying out high, moral purpose, or for instantaneous changes. The negro is the stumbling block. Northern politics have placed him where, under the flag and constitutionally, he has the same privileges as a white citizen. Politics did not remember that the negro in his natural state is a savage and in his civilized state a dependent slave. To give him his freedom does not take from him the instincts of his nature or of the later servility; cannot put into him force of character or ambition. Freedom, if it means

anything to him, means doing as he pleases, with no knowledge whatever of the finer sensibilities that make thralldom of one's own conscience. Free as the negro is, the Southern negroes must still be led, or must be driven, or else must be given time and the right conditions for development into responsible, law-abiding, law-protecting citizens. This cannot be brought about through politics. Politics, however, through franchise and wire-pulling, can bring about a condition that makes the negro vote legal. Should this become general in towns where the colored population is the largest, it would mean disaster to the South and a racial war. This country is supposed to be a white man's country. Even the most daring and unscrupulous politician would not in his senses assert that the Stars and Stripes are meant for more than to protect colored people under white rule. Yet, under present conditions, with colored political appointments rasping

against traditions, with compulsory education being legislated—reading and writing being the test that makes the negro a voter—our flag does not seem much of a protection. Surely the problems of the South are a Chinese puzzle!

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With two such distinct races in color and mental development, there should be different laws—one for the negro, one for the white race. I heard a prominent Judge, who has been on the bench for years in South Carolina, say that he always meted out much severer punishment to the white prisoner than to the colored; that he considered the white man much more responsible for his sins than the negro; that the intelligence of the negro fell far below even the lowest class of white. Yet politics and the franchise place them equally in affairs of the country! For very shame's sake, and perhaps to have something to legislate—these people seem to

be indefatigable legislators—bills against child labor, bills for compulsory education and bills for the bettering of all conditions in the South are introduced in State Legislatures and then fall flat or become inoperative because of struck-out clauses or from the fact that the negro must be helped the same as, and by the side of, the white people. There is no class of white child that will sit down by the side of a colored child in the schools of the South. They can play together as children, but the black child fetches and carries for the white child and is still the subject as in the slave days. The great question of child labor has for its strongest point the fact that while the white child is employed in the cotton mills—no colored people are ever employed in these mills—the negro child is getting ahead in education. The negroes, knowing that they are not voting citizens without the knowledge of reading and writing, and being taught that to

vote is power, crowd the schools with a seeming ambition away beyond the whites. Their ambition does not go beyond the franchise clause, excepting in rare instances where an intelligent half-ancestry has overbalanced the negro drifting instincts.

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Compulsory education, which has become a law in this State, has been made inoperative by striking out the clause fining or imprisoning parents who do not enforce the law. In every instance the incentive for this condition of things is to keep the negro below the privileges accorded by the Government. It sounds badly to admit or assert that the South does try to keep the negro down, but the Southerners know the negro. They know his possibilities and impossibilities. They know his condition is better when entirely cared for by the white people than when he does for himself. They know he cannot get on without the guidance of the

white people. They know he lacks the reasoning power that makes an intelligent, wide world in one accord. Because of this lack of reasoning power and the impulse that alone guides his actions, and with his ideas of license—misunderstood liberty—the negro is the menace to Southern civilization as we gauge it from the North. The negro is not held down by the South, but the negro cannot be made into an independent citizen as a race. He must now and always be led. The Southerners know, as we do not, and in their knowledge of the negro character have the best interests of the colored race at heart. When franchises and politics get the negro on the wrong plane, then the Southerner must do the best he can for the Southern country, and the result is a condition that makes problems.

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These "walking arsenals," this constant "killing his man," in the South, this ever-

ready use of a weapon that is concealed, are indirectly the result of forced contact with lawless negroes. He is a mighty brave man who goes, at all times, without a weapon. Still, it is not the custom to carry weapons. Many men say they never carry a weapon, and none of the better class of men—the more intelligent class—considers it necessary. Yet, the most conservative, refined and broadest thinkers of this class will tell you in detail of the unsettled conditions, and that there is risk in going without something for self-protection. "But," they add, "it is so cowardly to go armed." The colored people, if they can scrape together enough money, always carry some kind of a weapon—a razor or a revolver. And you can never tell when you will run up against the sharp edge of their impulsive, uncontrollable tempers. Late at night you may accidentally jostle a negro; he feels insulted, immediately whips out a razor or revolver, and can be subdued

only by the flash of steel. The most conservative men who say the revolver is unnecessary will add, "Well, I must admit that every woman who lives out of the city limits should go armed. White women are never safe from the brutality of these black beasts." The most intelligent men and women deplore the fact of the carrying of firearms, and really believe themselves when they say the impression that it is a custom is erroneous. Yet they will tell you of a time they "really needed a revolver," or else of a time "it was lucky they chanced to have a revolver!"

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Two or three years ago, a representative man met an acquaintance on the train, who said, "I am going to stop in Columbia if you think I won't run into a shooting; I declare I am almost afraid to stop there, your bullets fly so easily."

"Nonsense!" said the Columbian; "you have an entirely wrong idea; you people of

the North are always filled with wrong ideas of the South. Just get off the train, and I will show you the most peaceful, law-abiding little town you ever saw."

The acquaintance decided, laughingly, to run the risk. He went to the hotel, started out to see the town before supper, and at the first corner ran into the worst shooting affair of the year. So he returned to the hotel, took his satchel, went supperless to the station and left on the first train.

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I arrived here at night. The next morning's paper had in the first column the killing of a father and son by a neighbor for some dispute over a dog, in a suburban district. Each day there seems to be an affair that values human life very cheaply, but these dear, good people don't notice it. If I speak of it, they immediately remind me of the horrible butcheries, cold-blooded murders, trunk discoveries, man-hole conceal-

ments, dismembered bodies, saloon death-blows and a few other killings we have in the North, and they have the best of the argument. The murders here are clean-cut and sure, not disfiguring ; if methods must be considered, these seem the most respectable. There are a lot of things these dear Columbia people refer to about the North if I try to get at conditions here. So I am being led to believe, "seeing oursel's as ithers see us," that the South is much more civilized—problems or no problems—than the North. Anyway, I am cultivating a humble and neutral spirit, and trying to have no prejudice, no favor.

But I certainly do have skirmishes. And I certainly have struck a "South" in Columbia. The hotel is filled with State Senators and Congressmen, and my talk seems to catch those that are still seceding. They all acknowledge one country, one flag, but the things I hear about the North and the

way it does not know anything about the South! It makes me bring my batteries to bear, and the blood of my ancestors to boil, and the spirit of my womanhood to flash every little while. We fight our battles over the soup, fish, roast and ice, and then run up flags of truce over the dessert. We all go off the field of battle together, and then find our fighting forces gathered again at the next meal. They seem to think they are still "Johnnie Rebs" to us, as we are "Yankees" to them, and that we hate them. I have wanted to repeat some little platitudes about love begetting love, etc., but I refrain. Still one of the men at the table—a man with whiskers, who knows everything both North and South, and who, I suppose, would be considered in the light of an oracle—seems quite proud of his Northern son-in-law, who, he says, is worth a million! Perhaps he is gauging Northern honor by those millions. I wonder how the son-in-law got the mil-

lion? Perhaps he belongs to some of those trusts of ours. Yes, Columbia is a mighty good place to be humble and neutral.

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You cannot stay in Columbia any length of time without learning to reverence the name of the murdered editor, N. G. Gonzales. If any man ever built a monument for himself, he did it. His work and very soul seemed to be for the good of South Carolina. His strength of purpose was so great that if he could have looked into the future and known what his fate was to be he would not have hesitated. While, perhaps, he could not be called popular in the general sense of the term, he was worshipped by those who knew him personally. Just in proportion to the love he called out, so did he inspire hate in those whom he pinned to the wall with his pen and kept writhing while he exposed their assailable points. He had all the Spanish vituperance and fluency,

tempered with the highest American resolutions, reason and desire to build for the South a foundation that should be for all time. He was not a fluent talker, but words dropped in his editorial column like a torrent at Niagara. His pen strength was so great that whatever he attacked, whatever he dug up, whatever he set out to do, was done, because back of his wonderful wording was always the watchword for the truth and the right. Tillman aspired to be Governor; it was bad enough that he was Lieutenant-Governor. The Tillman politics of the South were like the Croker politics of the North. His record was so openly bad that proof after proof was given by this facile pen. Tillman "took" all kinds of accusations. He was called a falsifier. It was proven that he was one. He was called "a blackleg," a scoundrel—everything that a man of spirit or manhood would resent. He was dared to deny the accusations. He

"took it" like a craven cur. He was defeated. Every man, woman and child knows of the traits that make him a man to be despised, though a brute to be feared. The truthful pen of Mr. Gonzales told much, but withheld more. It told only those things that would affect the public if he were made their Governor. His private life—those things that would reflect upon his family or that of his father—it withheld. Then, after five months had passed and the Lieutenant-Governor had to lay aside his purple robe as President of the Senate and could not step into the honored position so ably filled by Governor Heywood, the beast predominated. Though the man had not resented nor recognized what he could have termed insults, the savage instinct wanted revenge. He could not act the part of the Southern gentleman, who is expected to "shoot on sight" at the proper time, when it is the quickest and best shot that modifies the crime. He had met

Mr. Gonzales several times in the interim, but the circumstances were not so propitious for his crime. This time there was no danger for himself. Mr. Gonzales had turned to one side, and was defenseless.

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It is remarkable—the silence of *The State* —the newspaper owned by the Gonzales brothers—about Tillman. His name has never been mentioned. This dignified silence is as impressive as the deep love and worship everywhere in this town for the victim. Though three weeks have passed since the death of Mr. Gonzales, the mourning is as apparent as at first. One lady said, "Even the stone pavements seem to cry out, he was so much a part of all that is best that the town represents." When I ask if they think that justice will be done and a white man will meet his punishment for the crime, they say, "Yes! Yes! There must no doubt of it creep into one's mind. If

there is virtue in thought-waves, it must be brought to bear on this man's crime. If we think he will be punished, it may help to bring it about." Then they add, thoughtfully and sadly, "If, at last, this crime in South Carolina is punished, I believe even Mr. Gonzales would have been willing to die for the good to the State."

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The friends of Mr. Gonzales begged him to go armed. He would not. He helped pass the law making it a crime to carry concealed weapons. He said and believed that only cowards carry firearms. Yet the conditions here are certainly as bad as on the wild Western prairies, where everybody looks to his belt and cartridges as a part of every-day dress.

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Theories are right; laws are civilized and elevating, but conditions are all wrong at present in the South. There is only one

solution to the problem: Keep the negro out of politics. His real friends are the Southerners. With no fear of negro rule, conditions would soon change.

V

SHE BEGINS WITH CHILD LABOR AND TACKLES BLIND TIGERS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., February 14.

The Child Labor Bill had passed the State Senate and the House was to have the annual fling at it. When I arrived there was a heated discussion about whisky versus education. Some man wanted the tax on liquors raised so the appropriation for schools could be increased, and another man insisted that education should not depend on whisky; the tax was already high enough; you could not get a drink without buying a bottleful; prices were exorbitant; and as for higher

taxation, a profit of $566,898 in 1902 was enough money for any State to make.

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Certainly it did seem as if the State had a fine eye to money as well as morals, when it decided to go into the liquor business. The State watches against the smuggling of any brands outside of the Dispensary supplies, and it punishes with fines and imprisonment the selling of a drink, or the opening of a bottle on the premises, and the purchase must be made "between the hours of sunrise and sunset." Blind tigers seemed to worry the men who did or didn't want higher taxation. Blind tigers are places—generally innocent looking restaurants—where people forget laws and quench a man's thirst from an open bottle. In the figures and arguments that flowed fast and furious about education and the different grades of whisky, high licenses did not do nearly so well for the city and county treasuries as taxation and

State management have done. High license only turned in $4,000 the year before the Dispensary was established. The first year of the Dispensary system the profit to the city and county was double. As improved morals seemed an important part of the argument, and over $3,000,000 profit has accrued in less than ten years, I decided that the quality—pure brands—must have something to do with pure morality as well as high prices.

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It is claimed that the Dispensary law has reduced drunkenness over 47 per cent. In 1892 voters were asked, in casting their votes for State officers, to register their preference for "Prohibition" or "High License." About 90,000 votes were cast; 50,000 on the question, 30,000 for prohibition, 20,000 for high license. As a happy compromise the State went into the liquor business, which became a legislative matter

that never ceases, though profits are so satisfactory. Its supporters claim that in the plain, unattractive, sealed bottles and wooden boxes, the dusty, warehouse-looking building and the cold daylight, with no treating of friends at a glittering bar, no places to sit at a cosy table and no free lunches, no one is tempted. The sociability and conviviality are taken out of drinking, and the men who really want the stuff for the drink's sake get it, take it away and do not tempt others. On the other hand, opposers claim that the consumption is larger and the profits show it; that, instead of the man who wants a drink taking one and walking on, he buys a bottleful and keeps drinking until it is gone; that, where before his drinking was done away from his family, now the bottle is taken home, and that morals are not bettered, only covered from the public gaze. The average sale of liquor through the Dispensaries of South Carolina amounts to one

and a half million gallons a year. This would seem an immense consumption without attractions or "gilt edges" in any way, and I am wondering what the conditions were before morals were improved 47 per cent.

The Dispensary people claim that the drinkers who actually crave whisky are left over from the old régime, and that as they die off from age or alcohol the new generation will have healthier appetites. But if the 40,000 people who did not vote either way had said "high license" the State would not have gone into the liquor business. Eminently respectable and substantial citizens say quietly: "High license would be best all round." You cannot get even Apollinaris or Saratoga Spring waters except at drug stores or Dispensaries. Hotels in Columbia are innocent of spring waters as well as bar liquors, yet the waiter, as he takes your order, asks kindly and insinua-

tingly : " Anything to drink ? " I suppose there must be cases and sealed bottles somewhere about the house—or does the waiter stand in with the blind tigers and skip across the road or around the corner to fill an order ?

From the prohibition side the arguments are strong and far-reaching. They claim that in selling intoxicating drinks the State encourages immorality and makes homes desolate, and all the rest of the pathos that comes from the poverty and misery side of the drunkard's home. They also throw a radium light on the " walking arsenal " conditions in South Carolina. It seems that when the State decided to dispense only pure brands of whisky it organized a constabulary to enforce this law. The officers were armed with guns and given the right to shoot when they thought necessary—the necessity meaning a troublesome citizen who violated the law by smuggling foreign brands or running

blind tigers. The troublesome citizen then found it necessary to go armed, so shooting at sight between the law breaker and law protector became common and still continues. The Prohibitionists claim that the liquor traffic and its armed constables make the worst reign of terror the State has ever known, except the reign of the carpet-baggers. They claim, also, that the dispensers become violators and not guardians; that many brands sold as "chemically pure" are vile concoctions, undermining health and brain; that dishonesty flourishes supreme; that scandals have been hushed and the honor of South Carolina has been smirched until her grand and brilliant past is dimmed. Someone tells me that whisky legally branded as "The Cream of Carolina," and thus called by courtesy in the Senate and House, is really "Hellfire," and is sold for ten cents a bottle or some such ridiculously low price. Be that as it may, it is quite

a common thing to hear, when some shooting affair is reported, "I suppose it was a blind tiger man shot a constable, or else the constable did the shooting."

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But these people must legislate. Every little thing seems important enough to carry into the dignified House and Senate. When you listen to their earnestness—which seems honesty and not oratory—it is little matter for surprise that some arguments end in shooting. It is not surprising, either, that life-long enmities are made and the feuds handed down from generation to generation. Southerners are certainly good and convincing speakers. You hear one side of a question and you are won to it, and wonder how you could have believed the other way. Then you listen to the opposite side and immediately turn your coat the other side out. The man with the bill for increasing taxation on liquor, and thereby increasing the percen-

tage of the profits for education, talked as well as others, but, somehow, he did not seem to catch the ear of anybody. Men read their newspapers or talked aloud, while the friends who were with me did not hesitate to converse in ordinary tones. No one was called to order.

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We went over to the Senate Chamber, where there was a fierce argument about damming a little creek named Kinloch. One Senator wanted it dammed, and another Senator objected. This was not a matter affecting the State—just the properties of two absent men. The one who wanted it used good arguments; the other seemed to put an "n" in the "dam" every time he spoke it. The Senate was much quieter than the House. The gavel of the President enforced silence, and when this did not succeed the Secretary sent messengers. That the gavel and messengers were kept busy a good

part of the time proves that even in this dignified atmosphere Southern cordiality could not be entirely suppressed. There were many names familiar in Washington struggles—men who have now come back to their own to help in work, whether it be damming little creeks or settling more serious problems. The President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House wear purple silk robes, and the Secretaries black robes. It is said here South Carolina is the only State where this old custom survives. The traditions of the South are as much to the front in Columbia as in Charleston, but you are forgiven here if you are not a Columbian, and a little quicker if you are not Charlestonian. There seems to be a bit of—of—well, of something against Charleston. Anyway, it is not like Charleston, where to be a Charlestonian is the passport. One thing, however, you must be here—you must be a South Carolinian! Columbia, being the capital, and its

season a gathering of the representative people of the State, the air is more cosmopolitan than at Charleston. You may not see so much of the charming home life here as there, but little attentions are showered upon you in the most unassuming way. You are taken to drive, beautiful flowers from the gardens are sent to you—violets, magnolias and carnations—and with one or two good letters, you are called upon by all the representative people, and it is only a question of time—and yourself—when you will be living the peaceful, quiet Southern social life.

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To return to child labor, I found the bill was to be discussed later. As I came down the corridor a man who thought I appeared interested in the Dispensary law handed me the following schedule of net profits since 1893 : 1895, $125,328 ; 1896, $313,974 ; 1898, $853,219 ; 1899, $414,181 ; 1900,

$474,178; 1901, $545,248; 1902, $566,898; total, $3,293,026. Surely, South Carolina understands the art of doing business successfully.

VI

SHE SUGGESTS SENDING COLORED TROOPS TO THE PHILIPPINES.

COLUMBIA, S. C., February 24.

TRUTHS can be, and often are, brutal. But there are times when issues should be forced, even though brutality be required. Surely the time is now upon us—if we are honest in our Northern politics—for plain and unvarnished truths about the negro. The facts, stripped of all sentimental veiling, cannot harm the race, and will ultimately bring about, in a measure—never wholly—what is hoped for by enthusiastic workers. After thirty-five years or more of theory our Secretary of War, Elihu Root, a man who adds keen logic to keen knowledge, says

frankly that negro suffrage is a failure. He asks why it is that, though more negroes were appointed to office during the Hayes and McKinley administrations than during the Roosevelt reign, so much more antagonism is now displayed in the South. Secretary Root answers his own question in his frank statement that negro suffrage, after a trial, is a failure. The Southern people are not unreasonable and not inhuman. If negro suffrage were possible they would be the first to appreciate it. Their objections are not based so much on color as upon the knowledge of unfitness. In this knowledge of the negro character and in their reasoning humanity they are to-day the only genuine, far-seeing, substantial friends the negroes have. If their antagonism to colored Government officials is stronger now than in other administrations it is barely possible they have waited to prove first their own fidelity to one country and

one flag, and are now more vehement because, after the test, facts are more powerful, more converting than would be accusations of a race prejudice. It is possible, also, that President Roosevelt's appointments have been a little more conspicuous than were those of former Presidents.

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Whatever it is, the South is fermenting over the negro question. There is no hatred expressed against color, there is no general hatred shown toward the North (of course, there are a few of the Southerners who do not know the war is over), there are no threats of violence, but there is a dignified and determined disposition to assert the rights of the white man and to plead reasonably for justice. This of itself shows good citizenship, respect for the Administration and patience toward the colored race. They feel strongly, however, that in these appointments color, and not efficiency, was

the consideration. The appointment of a colored postmaster at Indianola and the fact that the people of that town, both colored and white, are at present deprived of United States mail privileges recall vividly the appointment and lynching of a negro postmaster named Taylor in an obscure South Carolina town. This appointment and confirmation during the McKinley Administration incensed the populace not only because of color but because of the utter incompetency and lawlessness of the appointee. He was able to read nothing save the most legible inscriptions on mail matter, could not make out money orders nor cash them correctly, and could not attend properly to the business of the office in many ways. For five weeks the people fumed and fretted and sent complaints to Washington, but no relief came. All business of the town was practically suspended. Finally, this Government official exceeded all the rights of his position

and the endurance of the people by taking mail bundles and bags to his own cabin in the outskirts of the town. Indignation forgot Government and law, and the Republican party and the town were minus one postmaster.

I am told that at the Charleston Post Office, where many colored subordinates are employed, a few years ago at a cleaning time about $6,000 worth of money orders, cheques and other securities were dug out of a refuse pile of undelivered and unopened mail—ignorant, irresponsible carelessness which was criminal, but for which no one was individually culpable.

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In the cotton mills negroes are not employed because of their irresponsible nature. They would ruin the fine, intricate and expensive machinery in a day. They cannot be trusted in any part of the work. Their touch is not delicate enough to pick up

broken fibre or threads, and their eyes and interest not keen enough to discover instantly that machinery is stopped because of the breakage. The work, being that of watchfulness rather than of constant activity, when the moment for activity arrived they would, as a race, be sleeping sweetly, instead of changing spindles, or relieving and feeding machinery that needs intelligent and thoughtful attention. In work that is constant activity, under supervision, the negro is not so unreliable.

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In the arguments of Booker T. Washington for the colored race there is always reason, and there is always pathos in his appeal that the downtrodden race be accorded the same privileges for advancement that are given other humans. But there are always some points left uncovered by this respected and intelligent worker for his people. He speaks of slavery being degradation. To

quote his own words: "As a slave the negro was worked. As a free man he must learn to work. Being worked means degradation; working means civilization." Very true. Here is something I want to ask Booker T. Washington: Is it not a fact that in his experience in his Industrial School he has found that even his advanced pupils have not yet, in some instances, learned to distinguish between "being worked" and "working"? As the negro becomes "civilized" and gets a smattering of education, does he not think that he must get away from the fields and plantations and into something where distinctions and differences stand out clearer? It is my observation here in the South that the negro with some education considers the plough, the hoe, the spade and the cotton field should be left to "po' white trash" and "niggers." Even as servants in families they make their own selection for fear they will come in contact

with the common white element. If a valet or "man" is sent to someone not generally known—a newcomer in the town—the negro who is "advanced" is very apt to decide for himself whether he will take the man for his employer. At a colored industrial school, a few miles out of Columbia, the greatest difficulty has been experienced in getting teachers who were willing to show practically how farm work should be done. From Booker T. Washington's school at Tuskegee several colored teachers have been sent with the highest recommendations for efficiency. In every instance they were not willing to do the work themselves until the pupil, through observation, could learn. It has been discouraging in the extreme to the professor, who went into the work zealously. He, a man of color, admits frankly that the colored people still see only degradation in manual labor. If they can do anything else that shows the white people and the be-

nighted their superiority, then they are tractable and willing. Money is no object. To get out of the "nigger" rut at all uplifts them too much to make them helpmates to others of the race not so fortunate. They cannot be "aristocrats" with the white people, so they form an aristocracy by holding themselves, if possible, above the menial labor that smacks of the days of slavery, when education was practically unknown.

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The mixed blood, naturally, is quickest at learning and proudest of ancestry, even though it may be an evidence of the degradation of slavery. This mixture of blood, by the way, is not regarded as degrading by the negro himself. Romances have been written of the shame, but the mixture means favoritism. Even Booker T. Washington took a family name and in his pride made a transposition, Washington as he uses it being

in the wrong place. There is not a negro of mixed blood in the South, I'll venture to say, who is not proud of it to haughtiness—haughtiness among the colored people, and impertinence at times and places among the white people. I am using the words "proud" and "pride" when "vain" and "vanity" are words more appropriate. Pride has a self-respect and is a quality more elevating than this existing vanity of the negro. In their vanity they have no conception of the immorality nor of the truth that when they were born an amalgamated class started that represented all that was the lowest and vilest in both races. Being savage is not necessarily being low; savagery can be worked out; ignorance is pardonable; but what can change blood and bone that have in their incipiency all that is false to nature in both races? There are an aristocracy and pride that are real among the pure blacks of the South. This class is not

ambitious to get to the equality plane, nor is it worrying over the fact of negro suffrage being a failure. Many of these blacks know little and care less about "negro problems" and amendments to the Constitution, yet all of them have an instinctive pride in their pure African blood. In a quiet way they feel superior, and are not at all overpowered nor impressed by the lighter colored "aristocracy." They are trusting in their natures and are, through contact with civilization and family servant ancestry, honest and trustworthy. They are, also, the victims in every way of the rascality of the mixed blood. The Anti-Slavery Pension Bill has cost them many a dollar that was given to help "the cause" along, and their superstitions are worked upon and discontent comes through the force and arguments of superior intellect. Mixed blood and carpet-baggers have upset their faith in the friendship of the white people, yet their only natural fidelity

is given to the white people of the South who know and understand them and care for them, and who can solve the problem for them if politics will leave the matter alone.

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A lack of independence, ambition and reasoning intelligence blocks the progress of the pure black, and a lack of unadulterated blood, honor and high-mindedness and moral courage interferes with the ultimate success—so far as "suffrage" extends—of the mixed blood. You cannot weed out of the blood the characteristics of the race. A decent negro is spoiled by a few drops of white blood, and one drop of black blood ruins a white man for moral or physical courage. So, too, does the mixture of blood seem to destroy the muscular strength and endurance that are given to the negro of pure blood. They are the only race in the world without self-respect or family traditions. Where is the African now in our

country that has a family name or has had handed down to him a language of his own? The "gullah" spoken in the South in the negro districts is a mixture of African and English; but no one remembers a language of his own, and no one has a name but the name he has adopted in memory of some white family.

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Booker Washington asks that there be a National Congress to settle the negro question, and brings in the Indian and Filipino in argument. He says the Indian is tucked away out of sight, and, incidentally, out of mind, and that the Filipino has not, as yet, been relegated to his place; that "if he can produce hair that is long enough and feet that are small enough, he will be called a white man; otherwise, he will be turned over to my race." It looks as if this representative man of his race was also getting discouraged. It is surprising—knowing, as

he does, the struggle he has to plant the negro where he will go steadily on to something substantial, and knowing, as he does, the opposition there is in the South to negroes in politics, and knowing, as he must know, the assistance he would have from all Southerners—it is truly surprising that a man of his intelligence does not plead first that negroes be kept entirely out of politics. To ask this would be winning half the battle; to gain the point would be all the battle. Then would come gradually a settlement of all negro problems. A National Congress would be impractical and incongruous—as incongruous as amalgamated blood. Even the purest-blooded negro could not sit in such a Congress with Southern white blood or Northern white blood. The South has never recognized that the amended Constitution changed colored characteristics, and the North has theory and not knowledge.

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I do not know Booker Washington, but I sometimes wonder if he is at all like Aguinaldo: earnest and enthusiastic in his work for his people, but his enthusiasm blocking the intelligence that should tell him how to wade to the shore from the sea in which he flounders. He should be the first to ask that negroes be kept out of all Government positions in the South, and the Southerners be left to work out the negro question. The South is becoming an exceedingly prosperous part of our country. As prosperity increases, the negro is bound to receive the benefit—if education does not lift him above the level of work. Education of the negro certainly does mean, to him, getting away from work, and naturally his ambition is for positions that are not a matter of brawn and muscle. The negro must, of course, receive education, if he wants it, and Booker Washington's ideas of education and of teaching the industrial pursuits are grand; but he

falls short in not taking the stand boldly, for the good of his people, that positions which antagonize the whites undo his work and give false hope to an emotional and unreasoning race. Political positions are uncertain and demoralizing to the white man, they are ruination to the colored man. Viewing it from the white side or the colored side, it keeps the foundations for a betterment of conditions in a constant state of crumbling.

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There are 9,000,000 negroes in America and about 250,000 Indians. We cannot tuck out of sight the negroes as we have the Indians. I have never been able to understand why the negroes should receive so much attention and the Indians so little. Give the Indians suffrage for thirty-five years, with the chances the negroes have had, and I will warrant it will not be failure.

Perhaps this is the reason they are quarantined on reservations! Over in the Philippines are 8,000,000 Filipinos. They will never be proclaimed white men or negroes. Strange to say, however, a great affinity exists between the negroes of our colored regiments doing service in the Philippines and the natives. The American negro is certainly king there. The American negro, whom we gave equality in citizenship and freed from slavery, deserts his country, and his flag over there and becomes the officer, leader and sharpshooter of the insurgent ranks—just as he turns against the South, in politics—he so loves an exalted position! In one attack from ambush five of our officers were either killed instantly or died from wounds. The command was left to non-commissioned officers. This was known to be American marksmanship from colored deserters. It might solve both the negro question and Filipino question to change our

troops in the Philippine Islands to colored troops entirely—if we must keep the Islands and must as a nation do something for the negro.

VII

THEORETICALLY CHILD LABOR IS WRONG, PRACTICALLY IT HAS ADVANTAGES.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 3.

CHILD labor has a shockingly bad sound, but not so bad as child hunger. So far as I can judge, the cotton mills have been a haven of refuge in every way for the poor white people of the South. Millions have been spent upon the negroes, trying to make them into "silk purses." They have failed to attain to the expected standard. They are constant consumers and never producers. Nothing has been done by the Government for the poor white people of the South, who are much worse off in every way than the

negroes. Philanthropy is a farcical thing—let that rest. The clauses which disfranchise the negro also disfranchise the poor white people. The negro, somehow, lives and grows fat on that which he can pick up. He prefers to learn to read and write rather than to work. School makes a voter and a "gemman" of him. The poor white must work or starve. To-day, it is estimated, there are over 100,000 people, all white, employed in the cotton mills and other textile manufactories in the State of South Carolina. There are six mills here at Columbia, and the milling settlement has a population of 10,000. It is true that many of these poor white people cannot read or write, and that, in their thrift, education is being neglected, so that the negro voters will soon exceed the white unless education is made rigidly compulsory. But rigidly compulsory education will not become a law in South Carolina, because, the negro population being in the ma-

jority, it would annul the effect of the disfranchisement law, which now holds the negro out of political power. This leaves it entirely to the ambition of the white laborers to receive education. When for generations this class has known only the bitterest poverty and suffering, it is not surprising that home comforts and body comforts and money in the savings bank seem of more value than reading and writing and mythical suffrage. What do they know or what do they care for politics? Yet, poor and ignorant as they are, and living for dollars and cents as they do, they will not, even in ambition for education, attend the schools that admit negroes.

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Child labor began here in the South through mothers being permitted to bring young children to the mills. There was no one at home with whom they could be left, and, as the mills are roomy and as much of

the work is simply waiting for the machinery's demand for attention, children were not a nuisance either to employee or employer. The mill was, indeed, almost a play-room for the children, and the changing spindles and other work were like kindergarten games, When parents and children found that each member of the family could add to the exchequer—little children earning from twenty-five to fifty cents a day—and older ones from fifty cents to one dollar and a half a day, the spinning-rooms, carding-rooms and weaving-rooms became naturally much more attractive than school-rooms. So the years have gone by and milling has become a family profession, to be handed down from generation to generation.

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The women with missions here in the South, who started the opposition to child labor, have accomplished much in the fight. Through their incessant agitation capitalists

and mill-owners have, without doubt, been brought to a sense of making complete the settlements—complete in sanitation, in schoolhouses, in churches, and in everything tending to further the health, education and contentment of those whom they employ. The houses are comfortable cottages. The class of people are the tenant class, and would if not employed in mills be employed on farms, or cultivating farms of their own. The houses in the mill communities are palaces compared with the hovels that were their homes before. Those who have been fortunate enough to till the land for themselves will tell you they make more money in the mills and prefer the work to farming. But the great point made by the people who fight against child labor is the pallor and sickly condition of a child who is shut up in stuffy rooms filled with machinery and deprived of God's pure air and the outdoor life so necessary to childhood. For years

these fights against child labor have been going on.

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As a start in my quest for knowledge on the subject I went to the House of Representatives to hear the arguments for and against child labor. A man arose and with vehement gesture and extravagant words confirmed all my theories. He pictured drunken fathers and dissolute mothers allowing tender little children to work and support them. He told of them dying of consumption, their faces the faces of old men and old women, instead of the bright and happy countenances of childhood. He fairly pelted the air with facts against child labor. It seemed a bit exaggerated, though it agreed so well with the ideas I had myself, for the bill for which he argued defined a child as of twelve years or under. His arguments were so strong they should have made fourteen or sixteen the age when childhood is

left behind. Still, I knew positively that child labor was a heinous crime. Then another man took the floor and gave some facts that placed the matter in a different light. He showed that the provision of a means by which a little child could earn some money was a token of Divine Providence. Then my theories began to wobble. Someone else in persuasive manner and voice added to the symposium with what bad taste it was to interfere with domestic relations and family affairs, and my principles, so far as child labor went, were as muddled as my knowledge, and I decided that legislation, with all due respect to orators, might be a necessary thing, but personal trips through mills and milling settlements were the only way to gain genuine information. After visiting six mills I still don't know whether I am for or against child labor. Theoretically, it is wrong. Practically, the children are being taken care of kindly.

The proportion of children employed is small. I think the average is four children to one hundred grown people. The passing of the Child Labor Bill in South Carolina will not affect seriously the work of children. The bill says children under the age of twelve must not be employed. It is impossible to find a child now who will say he, or she, is not twelve! Some of them are very tiny, very babyish for twelve years old, but who shall dispute the fact of age when the child is assisted in the statement by its father and mother and older brothers and sisters? Who wants to dispute the fact when the little tots are supporting a sick father who must have the constant attention of the mother—parents who are sustained entirely by the money these children earn? It is true that some of them look sickly, but more of them are round-cheeked and not pale, though not so rosy as one expects children to be. They are not,

however, of the station in life that shows the care and attention conducive to clear complexions. One child was hideous in his pallor and of narrow, caved-in chest. His face was prematurely old, and he leaned against a truck as he waited for the half-hour or the hour to pass by when he would have some duty to perform. He was the only really sick child I saw in the largest mill in the world—the Olympia Mill. This mill in the spinning-room has 104,000 spindles. It takes only 400 people to care for them. The work is very light, and the children find their labor here mostly in "doffing." Light wooden spools are filled with thread, fibre or yarn. When they are filled they must be taken off, another spool put on, and the filled spools taken in a truck to the next machine. The work is done by all the most modern and most complete machinery, but the machine must be assisted at certain times by human hands. Child hands are just as

proficient as adult hands. While the spool is filling again—about two hours if the thread is very fine—less time with coarse threads —the child has nothing to do, unless he dusts or rolls the trucks about.

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The work is not hard work, but the air is filled everywhere in the mills with a fine lint that is breathed constantly, and in addition there is the odor of machine oil, that certainly is not God's pure air. It is claimed, however, by the mill-owners that the grown people succumb to it much more quickly than children. Tuberculosis is a common malady among mill people. You cannot, in visiting the mills, refrain from coughing constantly, as the lint lodges in your nostrils and throat. And surely you never appreciate pure air more than when getting away from the odor of fish oil. One thing I noticed particularly. Parents who work with the children—mothers and children in the spinning-rooms

—were much mere self-respecting in appearance than the mothers who came at the noon hour to bring luncheon to their offspring. I do not remember to have ever seen a lower or more vicious cast of countenance than some of these women had. They certainly were a definition of the term, "po' white trash." Such mothers should be made to do the work while the children go to school. Yet I doubt much if such specimens of humanity would be allowed the responsibility of working around such expensive machinery. If the child labor brings support to such families, then the child must share in the comfort, and is better off than it would be without the money it is earning.

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The owners and managers of mills do not want to employ children under the ages of twelve and fourteen, and much prefer the children should go to school. They do everything they can to make the school-

rooms attractive and to elevate the social atmosphere of the mill communities. The children get interested in the schools, but there is no law to rigidly compel attendance. The clause making it a crime punishable by fine or imprisonment for parents to refuse to send children to school was omitted in the Compulsory Education Bill, probably because the law is as much for the colored as the white race, and the negroes are crowding the white children out of the schools. In the mill settlements, however, there are no negroes to interfere with education. There are seven school-houses at the mill community which is on the outskirts of Columbia, several churches and a public library. It rests entirely with the people whether this generation and the following ones become educated. Mill-owners cannot force it, though they provide for it.

VIII

THE SOUTH MUST BE LET ALONE TO WORK OUT ITS SALVATION.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 10.

I HOPE I shall not be considered as treacherous to my North, or as seceding from the Stars and Stripes, when I say that the South is winning a victory that is much greater than was the victory of the North in the Civil War—or rather in the "War of the States." (I am told here in Columbia, just after getting myself in discipline to say "Civil War" instead of "Rebellion," to please Charleston, that "War of the States" is the correct term. Each town seems to have its own definition of that disastrous time in the '60's.) This victory of the South is one of patience and long waiting for

facts and conditions to prove themselves. There is in the atmosphere here a dogged, determined, settled principle about everything that seems a part of the universe itself. When out of the realm of politics there is no swerving, swaying, dodging, twisting and turning to force issues, to assist personal ambitions—a fighting for one thing here, for something else there—but a steady, quiet, even plodding toward a natural evolution that will place the South on its own substantial foundation. Whatever the disturbances in the old Reconstruction days; the days of the endeavor to reject the Fourteenth Amendment; the days of Ku Klux Klan and the Knights of the White Camellia; the days of desperation, when, after defeat in open battle, the South still fought, in another way, to overturn the new régime called Reconstruction—there is now a cool, intelligent, philosophical disposition to wait for their time that is surely coming—to

wait with only the one prayer, "Let us alone!"

This fervid plea of the South to be permitted, in its own way, to work out its several problems—the negro question, the child labor complication and the "walking arsenal" matter—is the only thing that savors of antagonism. In their pleading the Southern people say: "Even slavery, in those old days, would soon have been abolished by us. We were getting to it. Then came that awful, awful time—those years with but one thought, to fight for our own. Ours then, as this part of the country is ours now." Somehow the feeling grows upon me that the South could not only better work out its own problems alone and unaided, but, with its whole-hearted, undivided, unswerving devotion to the betterment of conditions, even the social problems of the North would not suffer materially at its hands.

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Just as we were loaded with the Philippines and unable to get away, so we had the negro question thrust upon us, with no way to extricate ourselves until now. We say negro suffrage is a failure and wonder what the end will be—with a sigh! The South does not wonder and it does not sigh. These people have always known what the end of the "political negro" would be. Only in this respect do they consider the negro a failure. They are willing, if "let alone," to solve the problem. They have known for a long time, while watching our floundering, that sooner or later they must come to the rescue, for the negro's sake as well as their own. If "let alone" there would be one problem less of the South.

Floundering under the weight of the negro, our eyes stare with wonder at other conditions across the Mason and Dixon line, and get close to the same conditions on this

side of the divide. For instance, the child labor in cotton mills. What difference should there be between the child labor of the South and the child labor of the North? Yet it is the child labor of the South that so excites the North. The Southerners do not retaliate with any bitterness—unless it be to hint that there is possibly a jealousy on the part of the Northern cotton mill owners against this Southern prosperity—but they feel and deplore the weariness of not being let alone. They sometimes speak, without going into details, of the children employed in our department stores, and they may, perhaps, compare the number of children thus employed in New York City alone with the number of children employed in the whole State of South Carolina. They do not, however, feel at all on the defensive. They simply ask, "Why do the Northern people make these serious objections to child labor in the South and so ignore the same subject

in the North?" They understand better than we can what a godsend the factories have been to the poor white people of the South whose condition before was most pitiful. Before the mills were built these people were a class that even the negroes looked upon with contempt, on the ground, probably, that the combination of white blood and poverty was incongruous.

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An erroneous impression exists in the North that New England capital has pushed along the cotton industries of the South. There are over 2,750,000 spindles in the State of South Carolina, as estimated by Mr. August Kohn, a writer for the *News and Courier*, of Charleston, and this represents the capital of the State, with perhaps 20 per cent. of it belonging to capitalists and cotton brokers of New York City. Much indignation is felt here over the sensations spread

by "alien writers" who refer to "the white slavery of the South" and the mills being owned by "New England capital, and the millions of dollars being invested with the tacit understanding that legislation and Governors will not inspect nor interfere with child labor." These statements are absolutely untrue, and resentment is just. The industry having been a growing one, large mills replacing small ones, new machinery crowding out the old, and steadily continuous success showing plainly on the surface that the "stricken South" is stricken no longer, it is not surprising that Southern enterprise claims and wants all the credit it deserves. In some instances stock has been taken in payment for machinery sent from New England, but this stock is soon turned into cash. Often it is sold to operatives who have saved for the purpose of becoming owners. There is unity of purpose between owners and operatives—one's interest

blending with the other's; one's sympathy given to the other—which makes trade unions and labor difficulties very remote. This earnestness of purpose on the part of the operatives is not always with a view to saving and becoming owners of stock; it is often—more often than otherwise—just with the object of getting money to spend, and not money to save. When you consider the dire poverty from which this class of people came—people that grubbed along getting a half living out of the ground, but never the sight of a silver coin—it is not difficult to understand that it is a case of money coming "easy," and that improvidence naturally follows. Sure it is that mill hands are notably extravagant.

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The milling settlements have their own "stores," their own schoolhouses, churches, libraries and lyceums. There is no law compelling men, women or children to take

advantage of these privileges, but the opportunities are there, and they are, in every way, beyond anything the people could know outside of the milling communities. The owners of mills and the managers do not prefer child labor—they much prefer to see the fine schoolhouses utilized to their fullest extent and the work of the mills done by older hands. If children are not forced into the schoolhouses, or have not the personal ambition to learn, they are much better off in the mills. No "equality" negroes are about to interfere with the inclination to attend school, but with parents having had no early advantages themselves and less chance for earning money, and the mills now giving opportunity for each member of the family to add to their latent "wealth," it is natural that the mill-owners give out more encouragement for filled schoolhouses than they receive; that money should appear of more value than reading and writing; and

that things to eat and things to wear take on a much higher value than mental culture.

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With this long-established ignorance of the poor white people, and the wide dividing line between this class and the cultivated people of the South, there is not the feeling of degradation in being a mill hand that there is in some places in the North. Consequently there is not the incentive to education or whatever will lift out of the mill life. Fathers and mothers have spent their lives at it, and find no need of anything else, and children follow on, naturally, without being taught there are better vocations. The sickly, pallid faces are no worse in the mills than when these families come in from the "sand hills" or farms. They are not the class of people that make a study of sanitation or the advantages of pure air and pure food. In the milling towns these things are considered; and, though the

fumes of the mill are of oil, and the air is filled with fine lint, and the constant rumble, whir and racket of the machinery knock out the nervous system, there is some compensation in the house comforts that are furnished by the mill companies and in the cash with which they can purchase comforts for themselves.

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I may be giving a wrong impression by speaking generally of the people who work in the mills. There are very many exceptions to this class coming from the lowest levels of poverty and ignorance. As I said, many operatives become stockholders, and many, through frugal habits, save enough to step out of the monotonous work and, with the many opportunities the South affords, become men of wealth and position.

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The most demoralizing thing about it all, as it appeared to me in personal trips through

the mills, was the love of dollars and cents that could keep pretty young girls from twelve to eighteen years old at spindles and "drawing in" frames and looms—girls that would tell you with pride they earned "75 cents always, and sometimes as much as $1.50," and that they did not "have to work," but could have so much better dresses, ribbons and many little things that they wanted. The work itself seems monotonous enough to stop the development of the brain, making automatons of the most brilliant intellects. But—what will you? Somebody must do it. We must have cotton. So far as children are concerned—the children of the cotton mills—education is not necessary to make them experts. If the profession is one that is handed down from generation to generation it would seem as if the lack of education were preferable.

IX

SHE DEPRECATES ALL DISCUSSION OF THE RACE PROBLEM.

July 2.

SURELY the negro is coming to the front in attention, if he is not in solving his own problem. And surely, too, the people of the North—in the lynching of the colored brute in Delaware—can no longer say that it is the prejudice and hatred of the South that interfere with the progress of the poor negro! No lynching of a colored criminal in the South ever developed such an intense hatred of the race. In the South the stake is considered just punishment and the needed object-lesson to keep in subjection this savage class, that realizes and recognizes

no law. Their lesson must be that of fear, otherwise an armed force would be necessary to enforce law, which would make no impression until the race showed danger of extermination, as in the case of the American Indians. When the Indians saw their numbers rapidly decreasing, and, in their advancing knowledge of civilization, saw there were thousands of white people to hundreds of red people, they grew wary. They no longer cared to go on the warpath and their leaders became "friendly"; but the hatred of the dark skin against the white skin was not changed, and cannot be while two natures exist beneath the two colors. The Indians, having race pride and inborn aristocracy—with all their savagery, which is only primitive at the worst—and characteristics which do not permit them to become servile, have been tucked away on reservations. The negro, being without race pride, without pride of family, without ambition other than

as an imitator of the white people, has been allowed to roam, allowed his liberty, allowed his docile existence. His only force of character being the brute passion, a fine analysis would show—if sentiment were obliterated—that the North, with the South, understands perfectly well that the whiplash or some horrible spectacle is needed on occasion. The hatred, which can lie dormant, but which is one of nature's laws, crushes all other instincts and makes the Northerner a calm, deliberate, smiling torturer, while the Southerner long ago learned and taught us the lesson of this style of punishment through thorough knowledge of the race with which he had to deal. It was not hatred with the Southerner. It was an ultimate friendship—a something that had to be done to make it possible to live in the South.

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Lack of reason exists in the so-called educated negro, as well as in the black

savages, who commit these outrages. A colored pastor who, in his Sunday sermon, advised the colored people to go armed and protect themselves against the white people, would, if he were a white man and advising a white congregation, be cautious and recognize the delicate ground on which he stood. If he were an intelligent, reasoning colored man he would be more cautious, because he would recognize the lack of reasoning power in the class to whom he was talking and would understand that going armed would mean a racial war and extermination for his race. Being either white or colored, he should be arrested for preaching treason. Being colored, he will probably go on in his doctrines without molestation—his hearers being of a docile race that cannot, without leadership, become a formidable foe. Leadership could not spring from the white race, and would not from the colored race. The colored educator, with enough mental

calibre to make him an intelligent leader, does not want to fight the white people in our country. He wants to be one of them. It is his only goal of ambition.

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It is most unfortunate that the negro question should be agitated. It is a subject that should be tabooed, just as are the personal failings of an individual who stands with outstretched appealing hands. It is a subject that the South never refers to save when some political appointment or political party lifts a colored man out of the groove that he makes for himself. If the Southerner objects—not from hatred, but because of his knowledge of negro unfitness—then a howl goes up and the whole country begins a discussion. In the discussing the negro becomes elated, and in his lack of reason and logic sees himself as good as any white man in a white man's country, sees himself having honors heaped upon him, sees himself a

ruler where he has been a slave, sees himself anything and everything that his ambition craves.

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The colored man, T. Thomas Fortune, Special Commissioner, sent by the Government last November to the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, is a sample of what a little education can do. At an entertainment tendered him by a club composed of his own people, he expressed himself as seeing a solving of the race problem in this country, and a reassuring of the Filipinos only in a colored Governor for the Philippine Islands! He said: "Let them appoint some such able man as Booker T. Washington to be Governor of the Philippine Islands, with sympathetic fellow-commissioners." He said wisely that the climate would suit the negroes and that they would affiliate with the Filipinos. T. Thomas Fortune, in his little knowledge, either

ignored, or did not see, that there are Filipinos and Filipinos. The only affiliation that could exist between the two races would be in the parts of the islands where there is no mixed blood. The Filipino race is saved by this mixture—be it Chinese, Japanese, Spanish or American. The Malays of the different tribes take to the negroes with affection. The negroes take to them because it gives them power—they are looked up to for the first time in their lives. They desert from our Army and become leaders of the insurrectionists or, to be politically proper, the " ladrones."

. . . . . .

This man, T. Thomas Fortune, according to the reports from Manila—as chronicled in the *Manila Sun*—had a serious time trying to establish his importance as a Special Commissioner sent by our Government. It seems that T. T. Fortune with two of his friends, in conversation and discussion,

blocked the way on Calle Rosario. The police hearing the discussion told the party to move on. The "Special Commissioner," a negro lawyer named Garner, the man Fortune and his secretary, "Captain" Wood, another colored man, were insulted and refused. In the altercation an arrest was made, which resulted finally in all of them being placed in custody. At the station T. T. Fortune, according to the Manila newspaper talked in a "high and mighty manner," told the police who he was, and that he would prefer charges. The captain of the precinct said if Fortune had not been occupying an official position he would probably have suffered severely for the insulting language he used at the station. He intimated also that Fortune was under some kind of an influence which in his experience seemed like a "mingling of intoxicating liquor and evil temper." But Mr. Fortune claimed that he and his party were perfectly sober, correct and proper.

Then Fortune preferred his charges against the patrolmen, and the "Special Commissioners" sent to investigate conditions in the Philippines were taken before Judge Liddell to answer charges against them. Governor Wright took a hand, and the result was that all proceedings and charges were dropped. It is noticeable, however, that the Municipal Board have not dropped from their list the policeman who made the arrest of our Government's "Special Commissioners."

. . . . . .

Lynchings are horrible; the need of them more horrible. The crime lies not so much with the circumstances—it is farther back. The negroes, educated and uneducated, savage and docile, are not in the condition to be brought into public notice. In their half-learning they cannot understand the self-discipline that makes every man a candidate for liberty and much-talked-of freedom. Until they can understand that every intel-

ligent human being is his own prisoner, they should be kept under the subjection of someone who does understand. As the negro becomes bleached through miscegenation he does understand ; but he has left his race behind as "niggers." He will have no more to do with them.

In the parts of the South where work on plantations goes on smoothly and where trouble is never heard of, there are three punishments meted out to the offending negro—the lash, a fine and deporting. The negro who breaks the law can have his choice. He prefers either the lash or fine to being sent away. There are many things to learn of discipline in the South, but there are many things it were better not to discuss. To discuss them or give them out to a reading public creates excitement and a hue and cry from reformers, who feed on facts they have not the broadness of intellect nor inclination to understand. It would take away

their vocation to recognize as necessary some existing conditions. These reformers must live, I suppose, and if their sympathies should happen to strike in the right place, it would knock out the foundation of their business.

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